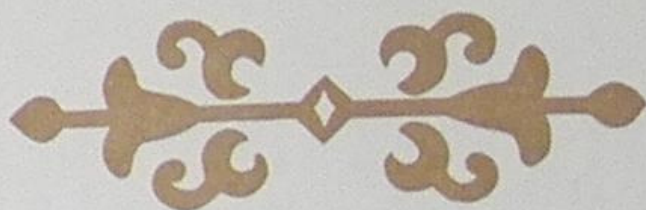


The Frances Shimer Record

December, 1918



Mount Carroll, Illinois



Concerning Wills and Annuities

Have you remembered the School in your will? It has no resources except Mrs. Shimer's estate and its income from pupils. Use this form for bequest:

FORM OF LEGACY

I also give and bequeath to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGOdollars for the purposes of the Academy, as specified in the Act of Incorporation. And I hereby direct my executor (or executors) to pay said sum to the Treasurer of said Academy, taking his receipt therefor, withinmonths after my decease.

FORM OF A DEVISE OF REAL ESTATE

I also give, bequeath, and devise to THE FRANCES SHIMER ACADEMY OF THE UNIVERSITY OF CHICAGO one certain lot of land with the buildings thereon standing (here describe the premises with exactness and particularity) to be held and possessed by the said Academy, its successors and assigns forever, for the purposes specified in the Act of Incorporation.

Write the Dean concerning annuities.

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The Books of Account of this Institution are audited by Lybrand Ross Brothers & Montgomery, chartered public accountants of New York, Pittsburgh, Philadelphia, Chicago.



The Frances Shimer Record

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Not War-Conscience but World-Conscience

Conservation! We hear it everywhere. Conservation of food, of clothing, and of fuel.

When they said to us in the beginning, "Food will win the war," we dimly understood. It seemed reasonable enough that the nation should have vast plans with reference to the food supplies of the world, but that we, as individuals, should have any part in the matter seemed impossible. It was startling to imagine that these personal affairs and tastes had become the nation's concern. Soon we became accustomed to the idea that the nation had made its demands upon us with reference to food, and that we were attempting to comply. In order that the women might learn how true economy and conservation of food could take place, the Food Administration appointed many leading home-economics workers to explain to them the real use of food and the manner in which it should be chosen and prepared.

Now that the end of the war has come, or perhaps we should say, that the actual fighting has ended, we find that there is a general relaxation from the former tenseness which had governed us for so long. This relaxation is shown in the tendency of many people to return to their old before-the-war habits in their use of food. They seem to think that the necessity of food conservation, having been brought on by the war, has been carried away by the peace, and that they are now entitled to an unlimited supply of food. On the contrary, the demand for food has been increased. The people of Belgium, Northern France, Serbia, Roumania, Montenegro, Poland, Russia, Armenia, and even the newly liberated people in Austria rely upon America for immediate aid. This means that upward of two hundred million people, in addition to those we are already pledged to serve, are now looking to us for support.

Mr. Hoover appeals not to the "war-conscience" of our people, but to the "world-conscience." The great truth concerning the food campaign is that every individual is responsible for its success. Every one of us is a consumer of food. Mr. Hoover, in his first appeal to his fellow-countrymen, insisted that the "situation is more than war, it is a problem of humanity."

And so this is not the time to cease saving. Let us each and every one make the resolution that as long as there is an American Army in Europe doing its bit we will do ours and save.

Carry On

We all know that the grades for the first eight weeks' work were sent home a while ago. And how many of us were there who, when we heard that these grades were going home, did not have a guilty feeling, a consciousness that we had not accomplished as much as we should have? And no doubt there is not a girl among us who did not say, in all seriousness, "I *will* try harder next time." She *did* try, for the next two or three days perhaps, and then relapsed into her same old ways. We have perhaps all heard the proverb, "The way to hell is paved with good intentions." This might well be modified into "The way to flunking is paved with good intentions."

The number of names on the honor roll was disgracefully small in comparison with the large number of girls in school this year. When you are neglecting your studying for a good time do you ever stop a minute to think of the folks back home who are working for you and thinking of you? Do you ever think of the pride they would have if you secured a place on the honor list?

Really, it is not hard to get your name there—at least on the second one, which requires an average of only 85. Let us try it and see if we cannot only make ourselves happier but also make the school and our parents proud of us.

A Contagious Disease

There is a mood into which all of us get sometimes which is really a very contagious disease. It is commonly called the "blues." Have you ever realized that it is extremely contagious, and that it is spread by your noticing it and talking of it? If you ever get it don't pass it along to someone else. Keep still about it.

There are innumerable very easy cures: get out in the open air; tell someone a funny story; help someone who is in trouble; above all

things, forget yourself. When someone else does get it, cheer her up before she passes it along. Don't let the disease spread, for it is injurious to the spirit and happiness of all of us.

School Activities

Miss Richey's Voice Recital

The Frances Shimer School serves the community in many ways, but perhaps in no way is its service more appreciated than in the musical enjoyment it affords, by giving Mount Carroll the opportunity of hearing artists who would not be heard here but for the School, by the recitals and concerts given by its own students, and, more rarely, by the appearance in public performance of the members of its musical faculty. Thursday evening, October 24, Miss Richey, of the voice department, whose occasional appearances as a soloist have made her admirers wish for a more extended exhibition of her art, gave us the first musical treat of the school year in the program that follows:

Per la gloria d'adorarvi	Buononcini
Se tu m'ami	Pergolesi
Nina	Pergolesi
La Violette	Scarlatti
Nobles Seigneurs, salut! ("Les Huguenots")	Meyerbeer
Amour! viens aider ("Samson et Delilah")	Saint-Saëns
Carnaval	Fourdrain
Chant Hindou	Bemberg
Crepuscule	Massenet
Jeunes Fillettes (Bergerettes)	Weckerlin
I Love Thee	Grieg
Sylvelin	Sinding
Soft-Footed Snow	Sigurd Lie
The Cry of Rachel	Mary Turner Salter
Retreat	Frank La Forge
Life and Death	Coleridge-Taylor
To a Young Gentleman ("Water Colors")	J. A. Carpenter
An Open Secret	Huntington Woodman

A large audience greeted the singer and listened with appreciation to a selection of numbers so broad and varied in style that any music lover in town, of whatever school or style he might be an admirer, could have found something to enjoy and commend. Would he have opera; there it was in the universally admired aria from "Les Huguenots" and in the "Samson and Delilah" aria of the French composer Saint-Saëns, of a later generation and consequently with a different style from Meyerbeer. Was one a severe classicist in his tastes, he would find pleasure

in the first group of songs by certain masters of the earlier Italian school, whose compositions, less florid but more beautiful than those of the later writers of Italian opera, are not heard as frequently as these latter, so that in presenting this group Miss Richey gave both pleasure and a distinct addition to the musical knowledge of the audience. The group was serious but had pleasing variety, adding to the almost somber dignity of the first two the plaintive strains of "Nina" and the grace of "La Violette."

But should our music lover care most for songs apart from the opera or other longer compositions there is a wide range: the dramatic in "The Cry of Rachel" and in Coleridge-Taylor's brief but plaintive love song "Life and Death"; the purely lyric in that big "little" song of Grieg's "I Love Thee," and of "Sylvelin," with its curious, interesting accompaniment, and in the lovely, subdued melody of Massenet; the almost rollicking passage in "Carnaval," the plaintive appeal of the "Chant Hindou," the gayety in Weckerlin's song of the shepherdesses, the delicate bit of nature painting in "Soft-Footed Snow," and even the bit of humor in the exhortation (perhaps not altogether sincere!) "To a Young Gentleman"—all these afforded much pleasure to an audience that would have been glad for encores, but that the program was already so generous that we feared to tire the singer.

In a program so varied it is difficult to single out individual numbers for special commendation, but judging from the spirit of the audience, expressed sometimes in vigorous applause and sometimes in the instant of silence that followed a number, we must believe that "The Cry of Rachel," with its proudly insistent demands, followed later by its humbly agonized imploring, was one of the prime favorites, and that no one failed to be moved by the beautiful, subdued strains and sympathetic sustained tones of the "Chant" and of Massenet's "Twilight."

Singers, however good, are more or less at the mercy of their accompanists, but Miss Schuster's support and sympathy left nothing to be desired. Musicians assure us that accompanying is an art in itself, and after listening to the sometimes powerful and dramatic, and again playful or delicate, but always sure and musical, rendering of the piano part of this strong and diversified program, one is constrained to believe that this is true.

The two artists left a very satisfied audience at the close of their last number, Huntington Woodman's "Open Secret," whose concluding phrase, "Spring is here," seemed convincing, even though we had just had a threat of a cold wave! But perhaps to a few beside the writer the purest bit of enjoyment of the evening was found in "Soft-Footed

Snow," by Sigurd Lie—a composition so lovely that it seems as though one ought to hear other songs by him, though many of us never have. We may have heard this exquisite song sung by various artists, but we have never enjoyed it more than last evening, when we thought if we *could* hear the snow as it falls, it must sound just as did the tones that accompanied Miss Richey as she sang—so gentle, so measured, so musical. When the snow comes, let us all listen and discover whether it is so!

The Corn Roast

The Y.W.C.A. gave its annual corn roast on the campus on Saturday evening, October 12. The trees before College Hall were decorated with Japanese lanterns, and the huge fire was built in front of Science Hall. While the corn was roasting, games were played, including exciting tugs of war between Hathaway and College, in which Hathaway was the winner, and between West and Hathaway, in which West was the winner. After a strenuous half hour's play the girls were only too glad to eat the somewhat burned corn. Then we danced on College Hall terrace until the 9:30 bell. Everyone had a "wonderful time," as F.S.S. girls all say.

Field Day

The annual Field Day events were held on Monday, October 28, in the gymnasium. Owing to the announcement that points would be counted on the letters which the Athletic Association has decided to give the girls doing work of merit in athletics and gymnasium, most of the girls entered into the contests with enthusiasm.

The events and the points given were as follows:

- Indian club relay, 1 point.
- Leapfrog relay, 1 point.
- High standing kick, 1 point.
- Basket-ball free throw, 1 point.
- Swedish drill, 2 points.
- Basket-ball game, 2 points.

The basket-ball game was between Hathaway and West. Although the girls had had little practice, both teams did commendable work.

We hope to have several such events to stimulate the interest in athletics and gymnasium. Every girl should be proud of a letter gained in this way.

The Baby Party

On November 2, West Hall entertained us with a children's party. Everyone dressed as much like a child as possible and rushed about registering extreme youth. Several rooms in West were used for the

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games. In one room we pinned tails on a donkey, and in another we played "Simon Says." We played guessing games and bean bags. Some of us *tried* to play "jacks," and we learned all about our future from four mysterious fortune tellers. In the Y.W.C.A. rooms we were able to listen to some splendid music. At the end of the evening we all reached the students' parlor, where we had bags of popcorn and large, red apples for refreshments. The "Baby Party" was voted a great success.

Special Chapel Exercise

On Thursday, November 7, two speakers, Mrs. Culbertson and Dr. Sensibaugh, visited the School and spoke in the interests of the United War Relief Fund. Each one described the work of the various organizations in the training camps of this country and also on the battlefields and in the hospitals of France. The talks helped us to realize what splendid work is being done for our boys in France by self-sacrificing men and women, and inspired us with a desire to have a part in this work by contributing as liberally as possible to the fund.

Senior Class Play

Saturday evening, December 7, the Senior class of Frances Shimer presented their annual play in Metcalf Hall. The play, *All-of-a-Sudden Peggy*, a light comedy in three acts by Ernest Denney, was full of clever conversation.

The title rôle was played by Hortense Cowen, who was particularly well fitted for it and made a charming "Peggy." Jeanette Mautner and Willeda Baker furnished their characteristic humorous element, for which F.S.S. girls have learned to watch. Elsie Smith played the haughty part of the aristocratic lady with pronounced effect, and Margaret McKee, her daughter, was vivacious and charming in both appearance and manner. Perhaps the fact that the cast was much handicapped by the "flu" during rehearsals was responsible for the prominence of the prompter.

The two interior scenes represented were attractive and also a contrast to each other. A feature which caught the eyes of the Juniors, at least, as soon as the curtain went up, was Nebby enthroned in state.

The Halloween Party

It was the night of the Junior Prom. The lights burned low in College; jack-o'-lanterns adorned the windows. Masked figures floated to and fro in the upper halls. When the music sounded, the fantastic

throng wound down the stairs and into the ballroom. After the unmasking, the dancing began, and continued until the unwelcome bells at 9:30, except for a short intermission when pumpkin pie and cider were served. Before departing the revelers gave vent to their merriment by showering confetti.

Address by Dean W. E. Simonds of Knox College

On the night of November 13 the dean and acting president of Knox College, Mr. Simonds, gave the students of F.S.S. a very interesting lecture, which he called "Adventures in Poetry." After lightly passing over the earlier English poets from Chaucer to Wordsworth, Shelley, and Keats, he discussed at length the work of two present-day poets, John Masefield and Wilfrid Gibson. They are both, he went on to say, writers of common people, of the struggles and hardships of everyday life. However, Mr. Masefield portrays a coarser, rougher, and more vulgar people than his contemporary, and one noticeable characteristic is that all his poems end in a tragedy. Mr. Simonds read snatches of one typical poem, "Dauber," to show the realistic and yet gloomy side of life that Mr. Masefield always depicts. In fact, he is a veritable pessimist, never bringing in the gleam of hope or brightening influence that relieves the sordidness of life, as Mr. Gibson does in his writings. One example of the latter's work Mr. Simonds also read in part, "The Machine," which pictures a printer who, although driven nearly frantic by his constant and monotonous work at the machine, finds happiness at last. These two poets, he said, are accorded high places among today's realists.

There are also many followers of Walt Whitman in the field of free verse. Among those Mr. Simonds mentioned Vachel Lindsay, Edgar Lee Masters, and Amy Lowell. He also read several epitaphs from Mr. Masters' "Spoon River Anthology," and stated that he worked on the theory of "breath pauses." Amy Lowell he passed over with a touch of ridicule, then read Mr. Lindsay's "General Booth Enters Heaven." It contains the refrain, "Washed in the Blood of the Lamb." Mr. Simonds also read one of the most beautiful war poems, "In Flanders' Fields," by Colonel John McCrae, a Canadian; "Cambric," a poem by Lawrence Binyon, appealing in its simplicity; and "A Chant of Love to England," by Helen Cone.

He closed by saying that the poets are all adventurers in the life of reality and bring their experiences in fortune and misfortune to the rest of the world.

Florence Macbeth at Frances Shimer School

Mount Carroll again had the opportunity Tuesday evening of hearing this gifted singer in a well-contrasted program which had but one fault—its brevity. A fine audience of old friends and new greeted her, and there was no questioning the enthusiasm of her listeners, who, had they had their choice, would have kept her singing on indefinitely. She not only possesses a voice of remarkable flexibility and pure, lovely quality but has also a very charming personality which creates a warmth between the audience and herself, adding to the effect of her artistry. Miss Macbeth has a record of things done both abroad and here which makes her a very conspicuous figure in the music world today, and in Tuesday evening's recital she proved by her many-sided interpretative gifts, easy tone production, poise, and authority that in spite of past achievements she is constantly advancing in her art. Her perfect sympathy with the varied examples of vocal schools included on her program makes her work a delight to the hearer, while imposing a fine test on the singer, requiring much facility for tone coloring and individual dramatic feeling. This was especially in evidence in the lovely group of four French songs, which were given with such freedom, yet with the most delicate charm imaginable. These included "Chansons les amours de Jean," "Non je n'irai plus au bois" by Weckerlin, "Tes Yeux" by Rabey, and "L'Oiseau bleu" by Dalcroze. Her delivery of this group was very spirited and revealed some of her best attributes as an artist. As an encore Weckerlin's dainty "Lizette" made a charming addition.

Contrasted with these examples of the French school was the interesting group of old Italian and English songs with which she opened her program, which appear so easy and are so difficult to do artistically. The most ambitious number was undoubtedly the familiar "Bell Song" from *Lakme*, giving a noteworthy performance of Delibes' florid music, which makes such enormous demands on the singer. Especially enjoyable was her singing, in the closing group, of a "Sonnet" by Bliss, with its



FLORENCE MACBETH

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sustained phrases in the middle register of the voice, which she gave with so much tonal loveliness. MacDonell's "Midsummer Lullaby" was also a favorite. Gilberte's brilliant "Moonlight—Starlight," with its fascinating waltz rhythm, was scheduled as the closing number on the program, but it soon became evident that the audience and Miss Macbeth differed on this point, and after insistent demands for more of her wonderful art, she very graciously and generously added La Forge's "To a Messenger" and Cadman's "From the Land of the Sky-Blue Water." Isaac von Grove at the piano in all respects lived up to his reputation as accompanist. Being at all times in perfect sympathy and accord with the singer, his support made a lovely and unobtrusive background for the soloist. And thus closed an evening of pure enjoyment, and one which music lovers will long remember. Miss Macbeth is one of the singers for whom a hearty and unaffected welcome will be always waiting.

Diversion Club

On November 24, the date left open on account of the postponement of the Senior play, Marguerite Clark was shown in *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in Metcalf Hall. The girls all enjoyed it immensely, and we hope we can have more like it.

On November 15 we had some war films, "The Women Munitions Workers in England," and "The Tanks at the Battle on the Ancre." The pictures were good and very interesting.

Libbie Philippon has been elected treasurer of the club, to take the place of Iola Runyon, who has left school.

Y.W.C.A.

The Y.W.C.A. of Frances Shimer conducted the recent United War Relief campaign. Our quota was set at \$200, and we had ample inspiration to work toward our goal in the talks by Mrs. Culbertson and Mr. Sensibaugh.

They came to make clear to us our duty in pledging to the fund. Last year the girls of Frances Shimer raised \$561 for the Friendship Fund; and since there were more this year to help raise the quota, we set our goal at a minimum of \$600.

Three talks were given by the girls in Chapel on "The Outline of the Campaign," "What Part the Young Women's Christian Association Plays in the War Work," and "What the Frances Shimer Girl's Bit Should Be." One day's chapel hour was devoted to filling out the pledge cards. Blanche Fuller took charge of the collecting and arranging of

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the cards into groups, according to classes. It was decided that each class treasurer should collect her class pledge, one-half of which is to be collected by December 2, one-fourth by January 15, 1919, and the rest on March 1. The full amount of the pledges reached \$1,050.

We were all immensely pleased with the outcome of the campaign and with the girls' generous giving, for it was a real sacrifice for most of the girls to give of their allowance.

The splendid co-operation of some of our other Illinois schools is shown by the following list:

Illinois College	\$3,300
Eastern Illinois State Normal School	1,088
Eureka College	653
Ferry Hall	1,300
Illinois Wesleyan College	3,200
Illinois Woman's College	2,120
Illinois State Normal School	1,700
James Millikin University	2,000
Knox College	4,000
Lake Forest College	1,000
Northwestern University	8,000
University of Chicago	20,400
University of Illinois	41,000

With the exception of Illinois College, Frances Shimer exceeded the amount of her goal in her pledge more than any other school in the state.

Vesper Notes

On Sunday evening, October 13, our vesper meeting consisted of a song service. Miss Morrison led and chose the first and last hymns. The choice of the other hymns was left to the girls, who responded enthusiastically to this rather novel and enjoyable privilege.

We were given a real treat at vespers on October 20, for Miss Hostetter gave us a most unusual and delightful talk about French children, and especially about the children whom the school is helping to support. We are all very much interested in France just now, and the life of the French child is full of interest to every one of us. We want to extend our thanks to Miss Hostetter and hope to hear her again.

At vespers on October 27 we were given a most interesting talk by Miss Pollard about the origin of Illinois. She told us in a very vivid manner the story of Marquette and brought in many landmarks familiar to us all, so that the story seemed very real and true. We all enjoyed hearing a familiar tale told in such a splendid manner.

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Sunday, November 3, we were given the pleasure of hearing the Dean address the vesper meeting on "The Psychology of Habit." He used the fifth chapter of William James's textbook as his authority and spoke so that all of us could clearly understand and absorb his statements. He has certainly given many of us something new and helpful to think about.

The speaker at vesper services on November 24 was introduced by Dean McKee in a short talk recounting a few incidents of the days gone by, as a former Academy graduate. The speaker was Mr. James Campbell, of Mount Carroll. Mr. Campbell's address was one of particular interest at the time because it dealt with the much-discussed "Peace Problems." Through his speech he made clear the economic and religious problems facing the American people, now that peace has been declared, and their opportunity to aid in the establishment of co-ordinations that will benefit the world of the future in its search for democracy and individual rights.

On November 17 Miss Dougherty read the introduction, foreword, and two chapters on "Cradles of Delinquency" and "Awakening," from *The Children in the Shadow* by Earnest K. Coulton. Mr. Coulton was formerly clerk of the children's court in New York and originated the Big Brother movement.

Miss Glessing, on November 24, read several selections from Kipling's *Barrack-Room Ballads*.

Two different scenes of home life were presented to us by Miss Pierson on December 1. She read "The County Seat" by Elsie Singmaster and "A Parable for Fathers" by Julia Francis Wood. Both of these stories have been published in the *Atlantic Monthly*.

Chapel

October 18.—Louise Featherstone played Grieg's "Butterfly."

October 25.—Janet Farrson spoke in behalf of the *Frances Shimer Record*, urging all the students to support the magazine by subscribing to it at once.

November 1.—Pearl Kulp read "My Rival" by Rudyard Kipling.

November 8.—Pauline Luckey sang Protheroe's "Ah, Love, but a Day."

November 15.—Janet Farrson read "The Gift of the Magi" by O. Henry.

November 29.—Miss Smith spoke on some Frances Shimer traditions. She emphasized the fact that class toasts at Thanksgiving dinner, which

have long been a tradition in the school, were somewhat spoiled this year because the classes seemed to try to outdo one another in noise rather than in originality and cleverness. Some of the toasts were distinctly unkind.

Class Notes

College Sophomores

The College Sophomore pins have come! The pin, triangular in shape, with the initials F. S. printed in gold on black enamel, and set with fifteen pearls, was chosen by last year's class. Since it is such a beautiful pin the Sophomores this year adopted it, with the hope that the succeeding classes will use the same design. Thus in the years to come graduates of Frances Shimer Junior College, though strangers, may recognize one another.

Geraldine Hegert and Helene Holloway served supper to the class on Sunday evening, November 10.

On Saturday night following Thanksgiving Edna Osborne, Mary Fishburn, Pauline Luckey, Dorothy Davis, Katharine Scoular, and Esther Williams gave a dinner to Miss Bertrams, class counselor, Miss Morrison, honorary counselor, and the class. Genevieve Jeffrey, Academy '17, was present. As a rule, the girls are served sitting around the fireplace, but this time the use of the table in the dining-room of College Hall made the occasion more dignified than usual.

The class regrets that Iola Runyon, who went home at the time of the influenza epidemic, has decided not to return.

Academy Seniors

The Senior play was postponed to December 7 on account of the illness of our leading lady, and the departure of our leading man, owing to the "flu." This date was originally set for the Sophomore play, but they very kindly gave it to their sister-class.

Miss Hostetter entertained the class at tea in her room on November 11 after play practice. "Nebby" was out for the first time this fall, and he was quite the center of attention. We all had a most delightful time.

Mrs. McKee had the Seniors in to after-dinner coffee on Tuesday night, November 19. The Seniors enjoyed the evening with Mrs. McKee very much.

The Seniors, at the class meeting on November 21, decided upon the class pins. We are planning to have them before Christmas vacation.

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Nebby survived the Thanksgiving excitement and is back in his lair safe and sound. He was taken to dinner under a very strong guard, and occupied the place of honor in the center of the table. The Seniors sang the praises of Nebby loud and long and laughed unmercifully at the Juniors, glaring enviously at us. Immediately after dinner, with more speed than politeness, he was rushed from the dining-room to his lair, which had been previously prepared. Even the Juniors must admit that our elephant is "some" mascot.

Academy Juniors

For about two weeks before Thanksgiving there were mysterious happenings around F.S.S. Girls could be seen standing in groups and rapidly dispersing at the approach of an outsider. Girls made their way in groups of two or three to Science, Metcalf, and Dearborn. Now and then a few girls would disappear after school and return at 5:30, worn, weatherbeaten, and with a baffled look in their eyes. And what is all this? Oh, nothing. It is only the Juniors toast-practicing and hunting for Nebby. Such is a Junior's life.

Academy Sophomores

Mrs. McKee entertained the Sophomores at a tea one Sunday night after vespers. The members of the class are very grateful to their counselor for the lovely time they had.

The Sophomores were glad to do their share toward protecting Nebby, the Senior mascot, on Thanksgiving Day.

The class will give two patriotic plays on December 14. At present we are very busy practicing for them.

Lenore Benario made the Sophomores very proud by winning, as a representative of the class, the spell-down at the party in College Hall on Thanksgiving.

Faith Reichelt, our president, received the highest average in the school for work during the first half of the semester.

Academy Freshmen

A week before Thanksgiving a meeting of the Freshman class was called. At this meeting the dues were decided upon and the violet was selected for the class flower, and purple and gold for the class colors. The toasts for Thanksgiving were also discussed, and a committee was appointed by the president to write them.

News

The Senior English composition class is publishing at intervals of three weeks during the semester a small paper called "Senior Scribblings." The class is furnishing all the material and is managing it, with the help of Miss Smith. It is being printed by the class in type-writing. The Seniors are very grateful to the girls of that department, and especially to Miss Pollard, who has given much time and attention to the paper. The first issue appeared on November 5, the second on November 27.

Visitors at Frances Shimer this fall included Mr. and Mrs. D. J. Harris, Miss Helen Harris, and Jack Harris, of Chicago; Mr. and Mrs. H. E. von Oven, Dorothea von Oven, Mrs. F. E. Foster, and Miss Helen Foster, of Beloit, Wisconsin; Mrs. Charles E. Conner and Mrs. Bruce Burgess, of Minneapolis, Minnesota; Mrs. J. W. Crist, of Beloit, Wisconsin; Mrs. Howard Weisman, Marshalltown, Iowa; Mrs. D. E. Kulp, Emmetsburg, Iowa; Mrs. Guy Williams, Havana, Illinois; Miss Genevieve Jeffrey, Cedar Rapids, Iowa; Miss Molly Womack, Minneapolis, Minnesota; and Miss Crete Hamilton, Chicago.

Owing to the epidemic of "flu" in Mount Carroll the School did not attend church services in town for two weeks. On October 13 a service was held in the chapel, with Dean McKee in charge. He spoke on "Youth and Religion." Miss Richey sang. On the following Sunday no church services were held.

On Saturday evening, October 19, *Les Miserables* was to be given, but the film did not arrive. An impromptu basket-ball game and dance were arranged. The game was played between College and Hathaway halls. The score was 19 to 20 in favor of Hathaway. After the game most of the girls went to College Hall to dance until 9:30. Although we were all disappointed in not seeing the movie the girls all had a good time.

Frances Shimer flattered itself too soon on having escaped the "flu." It appeared in our midst in the middle of November after the epidemic was a thing of the past in town, and when we were least expecting it. Altogether, we were fortunate in having but thirty cases, all of which were comparatively light. A few of the girls went home for two weeks, but the School continued for the heroines who stayed through. The last patient was out the Monday before Thanksgiving.

There were a number of spreads on the Saturday evening after Thanksgiving. The College Sophomores had dinner together in College Hall, and there were two crowds in Hathaway Hall. Owing to the fact that the Seniors did not have a spread, Nebby was unable to appear that night for the annual raid.

Gifts

The following books were presented to the Frances Shimer School by Mr. and Mrs. Jesse L. Rosenberger on December 3, 1918: *The Spy*, Cooper; *Dare We Be Christians? Prayers of the Social Awakening*, and *Christianizing the Social Order*, Rauschenbusch; *Women at The Hague*, Addams, Balch, and Hamilton; *Holland's Influence on English Language and Literature*, De Vries; *The Reciters' Treasury of Irish Verse and Prose*, Pertwee and Graves; *The Praise of Lincoln*, Williams; *Mount Vernon, the Home of Washington*, Jones; *Julia Ward Howe and the Woman Suffrage Movement*, Hall; *Social Life in England, 1750-1850*, Jackson; *The True Ophelia and Other Studies of Shakespeare's Women*, by an actress.

The School is very grateful for this addition to the Library.

Thanksgiving Day

The Basket-Ball Game

The basket-ball game Thanksgiving morning is always considered one of the most important athletic events of the year. The game this year was played by mixed rather than hall teams.

	GOLD	MAROON
Centers . . .	Willeda Baker . . .	Catherine Mendenhall
Side Centers . .	Margaret McKee . . .	Louise Featherstone
Forwards . . .	Mildred Fitch . . .	Lenore Benario
	Kathryn McFarland . .	Miriam Benario
Guards . . .	Elsie Smith . . .	Isabel Weisman
	Faith Griffith . . .	Clara Fulscher

The game was very exciting, as the cheers and yells from the side lines testified. The first half ended with the score 14 to 10 in favor of the Gold, but in the last half the Maroon team played so well that they won, with a score of 21 to 17. There was especially good playing in this game on the part of Feather, Buzz Weisman, and Pete Fitch.

The Thanksgiving Service

Our Thanksgiving service was held in the chapel Thanksgiving forenoon at twelve o'clock. The service was opened by singing, "O God, beneath thy guiding hand, Our exiled fathers crossed the sea," after which Dean McKee read Psalm 145. A solo by Miss Richey followed.

After the prayer Dean McKee talked to us for a few minutes about the many things we had to be thankful for that day.

Those of us who are fortunate enough to have friends and brothers coming home from the battlefield have much to be thankful for. Even those who have lost their men should be thankful that they had such precious gifts to give for the cause of liberty. We should all feel thankful that the war is at an end, and that *our* country has had such an important part in bringing it to a speedy close. The Dean closed by saying that he thought it would be fitting for each one of us to write a love letter home; a letter void of all complaint and request; a letter filled with love and thanksgiving for all our people have done for us.

After this inspiring talk we sang all four verses of America. Then the blessing was given, and all of us went to West Hall to wait for that long-anticipated Thanksgiving dinner.

The Thanksgiving Dinner

When we think of Thanksgiving we always picture a family seated around a table laden with the bountiful harvest of field and garden, to say nothing of the poultry yard. This year many of us who had never before been away from home on Thanksgiving day were members of the Frances Shimer family, and a large one it was, too. The dining-room was crowded, despite the fact that more than twenty girls had gone home on account of the influenza epidemic. The sight that greeted us when we entered the dining-room at West Hall was a beautiful one. The shades were drawn and the soft glow of the candles furnished the only light. In the windows were American flags and at one end of the room was hung the school flag. Tables, which were prettily decorated with chrysanthemums and sprays of barberry and snowberry, were set for the different classes, with the counselor and president at either end. After grace was said by Rev. Geo. D. Fetter, the following dinner was served:

Consommé		Rice Balls
	Roast Chicken with Dressing	
Gravy		Cranberry Sauce
	Sweet Potatoes	
Celery		Peas
	Bread and Butter	
Grapefruit	Salad	Wafers
Mince Pie		Pumpkin Pie
Coffee		Nuts

Just as the dessert was brought in the College Sophomores began the toasting, which lasted for almost an hour. The Sophomores sang to the Dean and Mrs. McKee:

There is one man on this campus,
 He's the only one in sight,
 And although we seldom see him,
 Of this school he is the light.
 He is Dean McKee, that is very plain to see,
 And the Sophomore class is toasting him today.
 He is blunt in speech, but he surely is a peach,
 And we're going to make him proud of us on
 graduation day.
 But he does have a better half,
 So he is only part,
 She never fails in time of need,
 She has the kindest heart.
 Oh, Flossie dear, and William, too,
 We love you both so well
 And we all wish the best for you,
 So here's to the McKees.

Each class strives to be first to follow the College Sophomores. This year the Academy Sophomores succeeded in gaining the floor, and they gave this toast:

Give a little credit to the Sophomores,
 We help the school along,
 Believe us, we are strong.
 Don't you wish that you had pep?
 Don't you wish that you had as good a rep?
 Seniors and Sophomores, College Sophs, too,
 You bet we will always be true to you,
 So give a little credit to the Sophomores,
 We head the honor roll.

The Academy Freshmen followed their rival class with this toast:

Oh, its Freshie this and Freshie that, and Freshie get out today,
 But we thank you, wonderful Sophomores, for all you have to say,
 And if sometimes our conduct isn't all your fancy paints,
 Why, perhaps the Sophs can tell us how to grow into plaster saints.
 Yes, it's Freshie this and Freshie that, an' anything you please,
 But Freshie ain't a bloomin' fool—you bet the Sophomore sees!

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

The Academy Juniors toasted Miss Morrison to the tune of "Smiles."

Morry's smiles they make us happy,
Oh, her smiles they make us sad,
Oh, her smiles can take away the sunshine
When she calls you in to say you're bad.
Morry's smiles can leave you broken-hearted,
And her smiles can make you happy, too.
Morry's smiles all have a little meaning
When she smiles and looks straight at you.

This is the toast that the College Freshmen gave to their counselor:

Here's to Miss Wallace
Who watches o'er us.
Here's to the friend we adore.
Here's to her standards that guide us,
Lofty and righteous
As in the days of yore,
Then let her gladness banish all sadness,
And as the days go by,
You'll find us ready and steady
Praising our counselor high!

Of course Nebby was the object of much attention and many toasts were sung to him. The Seniors sang this toast to the tune of "N' Everything":

We've got the cutest little elephant,
N' everything,
We've got a counselor who's full of pep,
N' everything,
And the Juniors all would stare
If they could see our Nebby's lair,
We've got the quality,
If not the quantity,
And that is all that counts.
We've got the reputation and the class,
N' everything,
We've got the fascination that will last,
N' everything,
We surely are the best of all the r-e-s-t rest,
For we're the Senior class of F.S.S.,
N' everything.

After the toasts had been given speeches were called for, and Dean McKee, Miss Morrison, Miss Smith, Mrs. McKee, Mrs. Miles, and Mr. Fetter responded with appropriate remarks.

In closing we sang the familiar toast to Frances Shimer.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Thanksgiving Afternoon

Thanksgiving afternoon from three until five o'clock the Freshman College girls were at home, in College Hall, to the school and trustees.

The first number on the program was a spell-down. The girls and a few members of the faculty lined up in the parlor, and members of the Freshman class took turns in dictating "catchy" words. It was decided that the class whose representative should stand the longest should be considered the victor. The Sophomore Academy class won. After this spell-down everybody joined in the singing of patriotic songs as a thanksgiving for peace. Refreshments—hot chocolate and individual frosted spice cakes—were served.

We want to assure the College Freshmen that we spent a lovely afternoon.

The Prom

At half-past seven in College Hall began the Thanksgiving Prom. The grand march was led by Miss Wallace, the Freshman class counselor, and Melissa Kingsley, president of the class. The programs were in the form of the "Mayflower." An unusually good three-piece orchestra provided the music for dancing, and plenty of punch was served in the dining-room.

"Home, Sweet Home" came much too soon, but we left the ball-room with a sigh of satisfaction and a vow to cherish forever the memories of an F.S.S. Thanksgiving Day.

"Dere Mable"

Having nothing else to do I guess I'll write you. You must have missed not hearing from me lately but Ive had the Spanish Infloenze. You probly dont understand what that means Mable. Its a technickle term that I cant explain to you. I was pretty sick, but Im all O.K. now.

Got your Thanksgiving box Wednesday, but we aint allowed to have em till Saturday and that day the cake was so dry I couldnt eat it. And we aint allowed no meat from home at all. So I had to throw all the chicken in the waste-basket. But dont feel bad about it Mable. I know your intensions was good.

We had a fine time here Thanksgiving. We didnt have to work or nothing. In the evening they was a big dance. We danced until 9 o'clock. Pretty late, eh Mable? The girls talked awful bout having to go to bed so early and got mad but I wasnt. Chearful and optimistic. Thats me all over Mable, aint it?

Well, Mable, I cant spend no more time writing to you.

Yours, till Niagar Falls,

LINA

His Better Nature

MARY FISHBURN, COLLEGE '19

"What is so rare as a day in June?" Then, if ever, should man feel in perfect accord with his surroundings and, above all, with his fellow-men. On this particular day in June, however, there were two small urchins in the remote village of Brambleville who were not in perfect harmony with each other.

There was a rather diminutive river in that community, called Tadpole Creek, which was deep enough to admit of swimming in the case of boys whose height did not exceed three feet. On the said day three small boys were winding their way in a rather indolent fashion through town in the direction of Tadpole Creek.

The three youngsters were of about the same size, being about ten years of age. One of them was distinguished by possessing a crop of fiery red hair, which made him the bearer of the name "Cheesy." Another of them, Sandy, had hair which was so nearly white that it could hardly be identified as any particular shade, and a countenance adorned with a profusion of very large freckles. These two were deep in an argument regarding the charms of a certain Dorothy, who seemed to appeal equally to their sense of beauty. From time to time they appealed to the third, addressed as Dick, for final judgment. He was neutral so far as the lady in question was concerned.

"Well, I don't see how you can say that she likes you, because look at the note she wrote me in school yesterday. Seems to me that 'ud show you plain enough that you're not wanted around." This from Cheesy.

Sandy, who was rather mild-spirited, perhaps because of the color of his hair, replied, "Aw-w-w, go on, she didn't tell you she would ask her ma if you might come over after school." This was aggressive, to say the least. Cheesy was about to make an equally aggressive retort when Dick interposed a quiet, "Oh, come on, boys, we'll never get there, and we want a good, long swim." So they quickened their pace and forgot their complaints in the anticipation of the afternoon of unlimited pleasure.

They arrived at the creek and were soon swimming about in the cool, clear water, enjoying as only boys can the full extent of that pleasure. All seemed to be going well, when suddenly it occurred to Sandy that Dorothy could not like Cheesy a bit because—why, just think of that hair! No girl was ever known to bestow approving glances on a boy with red hair! He proceeded to voice this idea during a pause in the

vigorous splashing which had been going on. Woe to Sandy! He had touched Cheesy's sensitive point, the only one on which he was really vulnerable. His red hair was his greatest curse; he hated it and could never bear to be reminded of it even under ordinary circumstances. And, under the present condition of antagonism existing between the two boys, this remark was fatal. Cheesy made no attempt to control himself; his anger was terrible. He was much the larger and stronger of the two, and with one stroke he was at Sandy's side. He seized him by the back of the neck and held his head firmly under water. Sandy struggled, but Cheesy had the upper hand, and he could do nothing. Soon his muscles began to relax and he ceased resisting. At that point Cheesy decided it was time to stop, or else he would have Sandy unable to get out of the water. So he let go and withdrew to the bank near by.

Dick had viewed the episode from afar, not caring to approach Cheesy in his present mood. At this point he looked for Sandy's head to appear above the water, but to his horror it failed to appear. He waited breathlessly and still no Sandy. The minutes passed and—at last! There he was! But he remained up only for a moment and disappeared almost instantly. Cheesy was of course not oblivious to this performance, but no thought of Sandy's drowning occurred to him. He was taking fiendish delight in the discomfort he had occasioned Sandy. All at once, "Cheese, he's drowning! He's a goner if we don't do something!" These words of Dick's brought Cheesy to himself with a jerk. He now remembered what his mother had once told him—that a drowning man came up three times only, the third being the last. And now he was between two fires. Dick was too far away to be able to reach Sandy, and if his enemy was to be saved, it must be through his efforts.

Again he watched the head appear, and as soon go under again. He saw, in a sort of haze, Dick swimming as fast as he could toward the helpless boy or toward the ripple of water where he had been, but he realized that Dick's efforts were futile. It was up to him! Suddenly he remembered the fact that Sandy was his comrade, his friend, his neighbor. He wondered how he could have waited even so long, and without further consideration plunged into the creek. He quickly reached Sandy, just as he appeared for the third time, and succeeded in holding him up until Dick reached them. With the combined help of the two, Sandy was soon stretched on the bank, both boys working over him, watching for some sign of life. Cheesy was so wrought up that he could hardly contain himself; he was on the verge of indulging in that most shameful but comforting act, weeping.

And yet, wait! Sandy's eyelids flickered, and gradually his eyes opened. At this point Cheesy's tense nerves gave way and he flung himself sobbing beside the victim of his anger. Sandy looked at him pityingly for a moment, then stretched forth his hand and laid it on the shaking shoulder, "Never mind! ol' man, you couldn't help it. It's all right, kid. Let's forget all about it."

Cheesy looked up hopefully through his tears, and then, under his red hair, his face relaxed into a rather wet smile. "Can you forget that?" he demanded.

"Why, sure, I have already," replied Sandy.

"Then I'm never going to think of Dorothy Green again! You can have her all along!"

"But I don't want her at all, now. Let's both be good friends and forget all about her. I'd rather."

"So would I. Let's shake on it!"

They did shake on it, and from that time on were the best of friends. The trio of boys was always seen together; but little Dorothy Green suddenly lost two ardent admirers without even understanding why.

A Typical Little Boy on Thanksgiving

For a whole week Bill had been talking and thinking of Thanksgiving. He had planned many, many times of what the dinner would consist. The turkey especially never left his mind. The day before Thanksgiving he didn't even want to eat, for fear he would be so full that tomorrow he couldn't stuff as he had planned to do.

After breakfast on Thanksgiving Bill continually ran in and out of the kitchen to find out how long it would be before dinner. It just seemed as if it would never be ready. That turkey smelled so good!

Finally the dinner bell rang, and Bill rushed eagerly into the room and took his place right next to his mother. He insisted on having an extra big helping.

"I want the drum stick," he said, "and just as much more as you will give me. Oh, that's not enough!"

Bill couldn't even wait for everybody else to be served, but started right in to eat. After the turkey and cranberry sauce had disappeared, he began on the rice and gravy. Soon the potatoes and celery had vanished. Now for the second helping. Some more good old turkey and gravy. After that Bill found himself getting full. How could he ever manage to eat all his mother had given him? Why, what was the trouble? He had been so hungry, for he didn't even eat any breakfast.

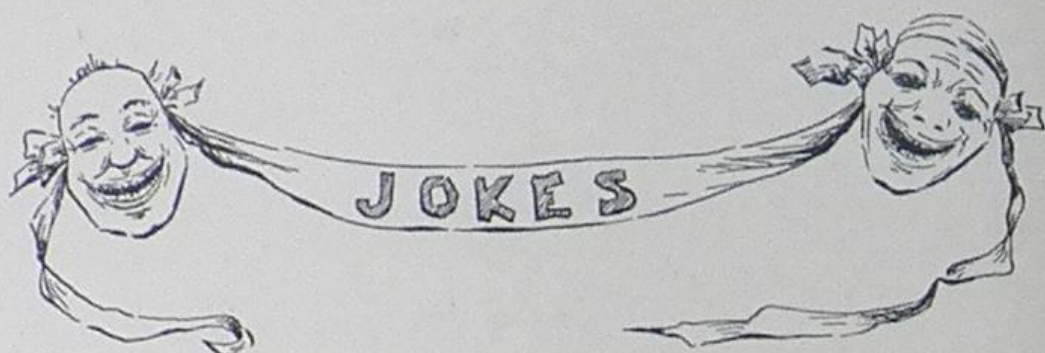
THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

But he would get it down even if he choked. Just as he swallowed his last mouthful he heard his mother say, "Bill, pass your plate and I will give you more."

"No, no, thank you, mother," answered Bill.

The next day I heard Bill talking to Bob, one of his little friends.

"Oh, Bob, I wish I hadn't refused that third helping; I am so hungry."



Have You Had It?

I'm getting *Something*,
What it is
I really do not know.
It's not the Flu,
But I feel blue;
I haven't any go.
I have no cold;
I am not old
Enough to act so tame.

I'm getting *Something*,
No, I'll have to
Stay home from the game.
Just feel my heart,
'Twill thump apart
It's pounding so, it is.
My dear, I know
What ails me so;
I'm going to have a *Quiz!*

MARION E. LE BRON, *Minnesota Daily*

Wanted—Music with our movies.

A member of Miss Pollard's Sunday-school class says that John was a Baptist.

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Lesson in Patriotism

\$4.15 W.S.S. + 5 years = \$5.00.

Mrs. McKee (in Bible History): Where was Solomon's Temple?

Marjorie Graham: On the side of his head, I expect.

Lillian Ware (looking at Miriam Benario's new fur coat): Say, is her father a furrier?

Helen Richards: No, he went hunting.

Wilma Slack says that the Puritans were very simple people.

After Christmas

The melancholy days have come,
No longer we're in clover;
The very atmosphere is glum,
Vacation time is over.

Melissa Kingsley (to Clara Fulscher, who is from Colorado): Are there still cowboys in Colorado?

While waiting for the Peace Parade Miss Glessing was heard to ask,
"Do you suppose the Dean will wait dinner on us?"

Mary Fishburn (after Thanksgiving): I've made up toasts until I feel like a club sandwich.

Broke, broke, broke,
And not a cent to spend;
Not a girl to borrow from,
And not a girl to lend.

Kathryn McFarland: My roommate and I register affection when anyone comes in.

Dorothy Dodds: What do you register when they go out?

Save on light, save on coal,
Don't play pig with the sugar bowl.

Professor: Your answer is about as clear as mud.

Student: Well, that covers the ground, doesn't it?

At the Switch

When all the world is windy,
And all the skies are gray
I hustle out my hair net
And feel quite glad and gay.
My hair looks like a wig, dear,

I know, but then it's *there*,
 Not somewhere on the campus
 Or floating through the air.
 My hair is thin, ah, very thin,
 But why, I do not know.
 I use all tonics and massage,
 And still it doesn't grow.
 With years of meditation,
 I at last have found a way
 To make it seem a flowing mane,
 I've bought a switch today.
 Ye editor stands by my side,
 She cools me with a fan
 To stir the flame of genius up.
 I don't believe she can.
 With all her kind attention,
 And a-thoughting as I may,
 There's but one think comes to my mind—
 I've bought a switch today.

MARION E. LE BRON, *Minnesota Daily*

Janet Farrson (in a psychology paper): This is due to the fact that we have never perceived a cow with concentrated attention.

Miss Glessing (in history): Well, but how did they know the earth was round?

Bright Freshie: Because F.S.S. was known clear around it.

The F.S.S. girls had a new dance, "The Hun Backstep," for a while, but now it's "The Peace Hop."

Miss Bertrams (in House Decoration): Suppose you wanted to build a \$1,000 house and you had only \$700, what would you do?

Mabelle Wallerstein: I expect I'd have to marry a man with \$300.

Lots of the F.S.S. girls have been "chasing rainbows"; and Miss Morrison says it's all right if that's the only kind they chase.

Billie Asmus: Who is your favorite author?

Grace Riddle: Father.

Billie: Why, what did he write?

Grace: Checks.

Heard outside Miss Dougherty's door: "Girls, did you ever try this? Fold a dollar bill, place it in your pocket, and as you take it out you will find it increases."

THE FRANCES SHIMER RECORD

Free Flu Verse

For we have had the Flu,
Reasons for which we never knew,
And since 'twas quite the thing to do,
Never mind if it did get you.
Certainly such ill wind never blew,
Everyone was doing it too,
So we just had to have the Flu.

Some had it light, it is true,
How glad we were they were not blue,
In every case pure happiness grew.
More than that, we're glad they're thru.
Everyone has had the Flu,
Reasons for which we never knew.

Much Ado about Nothing

'Tis said that youth means foolishness,
But I ne'er had believed at all
That youth could such confusion make
As we saw in every hall
When the Flu came to Frances Shimer.

"Yes, mother, it is very bad,"
We hear one maiden say
To her fond parent o'er the wire,
Oh, 'twas a sad and doleful day
When the Flu came to Frances Shimer.

"Then, daughter, you must come right home;
We couldn't have you ill there!"
So away they went, aye, twenty strong.
There never was such an awful scare,
As when the Flu came to Frances Shimer.

Then Dean McKee did write those girls
And gave them strictest orders:
They must stay away for two weeks straight,
Then for three days be hospital boarders,
When the Flu came to Frances Shimer.

Of those who remained the danger to brave,
We will now proceed to tell;
The nurses and doctors did wonders perform,
And soon all were healthy and well,
When the Flu came to Frances Shimer.

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Thanksgiving Day came, and with it the prom,
And the dinner and toasts, of course,
For those who were absent that glorious day
We could not our envy e'en force,
When the Flu came to Frances Shimer.

So let us condole with those poor helpless maids
Who must run to escape little Flu;
And let's hope in the future that we'll all wiser be,
And then we'll have nothing to rue,
If the Flu comes to Frances Shimer.

The Scattered Family

Rose Demmon, '89, is spending the winter in Chicago.

Marion Rogan, '13-'14, is now Mrs. Faust and lives in Platteville, Wis.

Miss Marion Le Bron, '17-'18, is at West Sanford Hall, University of Michigan.

Elva Calkins Briggs is now living at 4736 Emerson Avenue, Minneapolis, Minn.

Mrs. Bonnie Ridgeway Chave, '87-'88, is now at Hotel McAlpin, New York City.

Genevieve Jeffrey, '17, spent the week-end, November 30, with friends at the school.

Lucile Rockwell, '16-'17, is working in the cashier's office at the University of Chicago.

Louisa Nelson, '12-'13, is teaching domestic science in the high school at Sacramento, Cal.

Olive Place McFarland, '81, sends notice of her change of address from Ohiowa, Neb., to Bruning, Neb.

Marie Comstock Davis, College '16, is taking a course in occupational therapy while her husband is in service.

Bernice Schmidt, College '15-'16, is a Senior at Wellesley and is president of the Student Golf Association.

Ruth Shannon, '16, is rejoicing over the return of her brother from France, where he was severely wounded in action.

Frances Schmidt, College '13-'14, is very much interested in her work with the Illinois Children's Home and Aid Society.

Lulu Arnold, College '15, renews her subscription to the *Record* from Chadwick, Ill., where she is principal in the high school.

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Mr. and Mrs. W. W. Gibbs (Susie Matkin, '01) announce the birth of a daughter, Veneta Louise, October 18, 1918, at Indianola, Ill.

Mr. and Mrs. J. H. Benney announce the marriage of their daughter Evangeline Louise, '16-'17, to Mr. Arthur Forrest Trussler on Sunday, November 10, 1918.

Dora Spath Stiles, College '13-'14, who has been in government service in Washington, has resigned her position and returned to her home in Minneapolis.

Frances Shimer friends were shocked to hear of the death of Margaret Clingan Haight, '06-'08, at her home in Evanston, within a fortnight of her visit at the School in October.

Both Ruth Hastings, '14, and Lorena Tuttle Smith, '11-'12, are at work in the social science department of the Tennessee Company, a large mining corporation in Birmingham, Ala.

Idell Miles Sherwood, '80, sends greetings to her friends from her home in Cambridge, Mass. Miss Jane Miles, of Harrah, Okla., who is now at Frances Shimer, is a niece of Mrs. Sherwood.

News has come to the School of the death of the husband of Maude Wilson Lynn, '94, at their home in Grundy Center, Iowa. The *Record* extends sincere sympathy to Mrs. Lynn in her bereavement.

Genevieve Jeffrey, '17, writes of a visit with Crete Hamilton, College '16-'17, and Molly Womack, College '18, in Cedar Rapids, and of meeting Doris Leach Wiggins, '13, in Minneapolis during the summer.

Miriam Sampson, '13, who has been engaged in social-service work in the South, resigned her position in June, and after a pleasant summer in the East accepted a clerical position with the Corn Exchange National Bank of Chicago.

Jeannette Patterson, College '18, has been elected to Alpha Chi Omega at the University of Illinois, Marion Le Bron to Delta Gamma at the University of Minnesota, and Eunice Shannon to Pi Beta Phi at Northwestern University.

Dorothy Woodson, '18, who is studying this year at Russell Sage College, Troy, N.Y., spent the Thanksgiving recess with Elizabeth Huling, '18, at her home in Bennington, Vt. Elizabeth is a member of the Freshman class at Vassar College.

One "Tam O'Shanter" wants to know from Carolyn Green, '14, Agnes Prentice, '14, Dorothea Wales, '14, *et al.*, what has become of the "Round Robin" that the crowd has kept going in a more or less desultory fashion since the days at Frances Shimer.

Katharine Marshall Hinchliff, '17, has resumed her work in Rockford College since the departure of her husband for service overseas. Lieutenant Hinchliff has recently been appointed assistant to the military attaché in Switzerland, where Mrs. Hinchliff will join him later.

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Mabel Hughes, '14, enjoys the novelty of her environment in Morenci, a copper-mining town of 7,000 people in southeastern Arizona. The United States, Mexico, Spain, and Italy are a few of the nations represented among the pupils of the high school where she teaches.

Edith Louise Gould, of Eaton, Ohio, writes, in renewing her *Record* subscription, "I always feel about twenty years younger while reading the pages of the *Record* and come across a familiar and valued name. Even the new names and unfamiliar events are quite interesting."

The *Record* extends sincere sympathy to Veta Thorpe Nebel, College '14, in the loss of her husband, from Spanish influenza, at their home in Morgantown, Va., where Dr. Nebel had been called in September to a professorship in the State University. Mrs. Nebel and her two small sons are for the present at her former home in Clinton, Ill.

Laurel Gillogly, College '12, is principal of the high school in Crosby, Minn., a wealthy range town which, together with its splendid school system, has developed within eight years. Laurel writes of her interest in her work, in spite of serious interruptions on account of the recent forest fires in the neighborhood and the prevalence of influenza.

Dr. Annie Marion MacLean, instructor in Latin in the School '94-'97, is the author of a new book entitled *Cheero*. Dr. MacLean is an invalid but carries on extensive work in correspondence study for the department of sociology in the University of Chicago. Her writings are full of sparkling and whimsical humor, which should radiate cheer to every invalid.

Hortense Mandl, '14, writes: "I am busy as usual this winter. In the morning until one o'clock I am in business with my father. I am his assistant and have charge of the credit department. In the afternoon I do investigating for the Civilian Relief of the Red Cross. Besides this, I am keeping up my work in voice and hope soon to be able to do something worth while."

The October bulletin of the Illinois Division of the Council of National Defense reports that Carroll County, under the efficient leadership of the county chairman, Miss Mary Miles, '98, has a notable record for zeal in food production. The results in the county were the more remarkable because the work was started too late for the county school teachers to organize clubs among the pupils.

Miss Edna Howard, a former instructor in voice at the School, renews her subscription to the *Record* from her home in Cleveland, Ohio, where she has a private studio and also teaches in two schools, one for boys, the other for girls. She writes that, although the years are passing since she was connected with the School, she still feels the same interest as formerly in the School friends and associations.

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The sympathy of her many friends in Frances Shimer goes out to Eleanor Currie, College '18, in the death of her father in October at the family home in Duluth. In spite of her sorrow Eleanor is filling a drafted man's position in the treasury department of the Oliver Iron Mining Company of the Steel Corporation, and is also engaged in the work of relief for the many hundreds of sufferers in the recent destructive forest fires in Duluth and vicinity.

Clara Troutfetter Miles, '94, died in the hospital at Beloit, Wis., on December 2, after a long illness. Since her marriage Mrs. Miles has resided in Mount Carroll, where her influence has been felt, especially in the church and in musical circles. She is survived by her husband, Mr. A. J. Miles, and a daughter, Dorothy, also a graduate of the school in the class of 1915. To Mr. Miles and Dorothy the friends in the School extend sincere sympathy in their loss.

Julia Cargill Stone, College '16, writes that her husband and two brothers have been in service in France. One brother, who was in some of the most severe fighting, has been a prisoner at Camp Rastatt in Germany, from which he has recently been released. While at Camp Mills at Hempstead, L.I., during the summer, Mrs. Stone met another Frances Shimer girl, Dorothy Trask Hanna, '12, whose husband is a lieutenant in the Medical Corps of the camp.

Adaline Hostetter Burquist, '02, together with her family, barely escaped death in the Duluth forest fires. Returning from a neighboring lake resort they were overtaken by the flames, forced to abandon their machines, and seek safety by lying flat upon the ground. Two members of the party perished. Mary Merritt Stratton, College '12, writes that her parents also had a narrow escape in the same fire. Their summer home was destroyed, but the family fled in time to keep ahead of the fire.

Esther S. Birch, '11-'13, of Litchfield, Minn., writes in renewing her subscription to the *Record*, "I have a large class of music students and am at the same time studying in Minneapolis. I have earned three diplomas in courses of music I have completed since I graduated from the junior college department of your school. I always feel I owe my great love for music and what progress I have made in this work to the stimulus to serious study of this art I received while at Frances Shimer. Another thing I acquired a taste for at Mt. Carroll is the study of birds. The idea of chasing about after birds as the teachers did was amusing to us all at first. However, it wasn't long after this love of birds was manifested by the faculty until many of the girls bought bird books and field glasses and were much interested in the birds. My liking has gradually grown until I published a little original sketch on birds."

Many friends will be glad to know that Mrs. Winona Branch Sawyer, '71, of Lincoln, Neb., is recovering from the injury of a broken

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hip. Recently she wrote to friends at the School: "This is the fifteenth day of 'durance vile.' For many years I have dreamed of an ideal bliss which might be mine if I were only 'a lady of leisure.' The question now arises, Am I one now or am I not? If I am, what should a lady of leisure do to differentiate her from other people? Should she be a positive or negative or neutral personality? Has she duties, obligations, privileges, prerogatives? Is it to be free from employment? That would be idleness—not desirable. Is it to have every wish gratified? That would be selfish—also not desirable. If it is to have outside of the employments and duties of life, health, time, opportunity, desire of doing the things one enjoys, then I have been a lady of leisure all my life."

The following, from the University of Minnesota *News*, is by Marion Le Bron, College '17-'18:

When your holiday is over,
And you're feeling kind of blue,
'Cause there's nothing left to live for
But a durned exam or two,
Don't forget the time is coming
When you're going home to Ma,
And she'll say with gentle pity,
"He looks mighty poorly, Pa;
It is awful hard on Tommy,
Studying so much. My son,
I am bringing up your coffee,
You can lie in bed till one."
"Oh, my mother, you're a dandy,
And vacation, you are fine.
Come on, finals, I am stronger
And can hold the fighting line."

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